



SEA FLIGHT.

My little cabin window
Stood outward to the sea.
And, smiling thro' the narrow space,
The moon looked in at me—
The moon! I wondered much how fair
A desert moon may be.

Outside my cabin window
Lurked danger, sad and grim.
All but the sea-gull at the mast
Were sore afraid of him—
All but the sea-bird and the moon
So young, so fair, so sum.

"My little moon," I whispered.
"Are you not sore afraid?"
"Twas," said the moon, "the things that
I fear
Are such as creep and wade;
The bird hath wings—the bird and I—
For safety we were made."

Then to my heart I whispered:
"O heart, lean close your ear!
Have we not wings, my heart?
O listen, heart and hear!"
Soft came the answer: "Love and faith
Are wings, child; do not fear!"
—Ida Whipple Benham, in Youth's Com-
panion.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Story of the Cowboy,"
"The Girl at the Halfway House," Etc.

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CHAPTER XI. FOR FELONY.

Late in the afternoon of the day following the encounter in Bloomsbury square, a little group of excited loiterers filled the entrance and passage way at 59 Broadwell street, the former lodgings of the two young gentlemen from Scotland. The motley assemblage seemed for the most part to make merry at the expense of a certain messenger boy, who bore a long slender box, which presently he shifted from his shoulder to a more convenient resting place on the curb.

"Do 'ee look at 'un," said one ancient dame. "He! he! 'Ist a parcel of fine clothes for the tall gentleman was up in third floor! He! he! 'Ist clothes for Mr. Law, indeed!"

"I 'Ist the clothes, eh?" cried another, a pretty dame of certain years. "Much the clothes he'll need where he's 'ome!"

"Yes, indeed, that he will na. Bad luck 'twas to Mary Cullen as took up into her house. Now she's no lodging money for her rooms, and her lodgers be both in Newgate; least ways, one of 'em."

"Ah now, 'tis a pity for Mary Cullen, she do need the money so much—"

"Shut ye all your mouths, the lot o' you," cried Mary Cullen herself, appearing at the door. "'Tis not she is needing the little money, for she has it right here in the corner of her apron. Every silver Mary Cullen's young man said they'd pay they paid, like the gentlemen they were. I'll warrant it's a sign of ye would do well to make out fine as Mary Cullen hath."

"Oh, now, is that true, Mary Cullen?" said a voice. "'Twas said that these two were noble folk come here for the sport of it."

"What else but true? Do you never hear the look of gen'ry? My fakes, I'll warrant the young gentleman is back within a fortnight. His brother, the younger one, said to me himself but that very morn, his brother was innocent as a child; that he was obliged to strike the other man for fear of his own life. Now, what can judge do but turn 'em loose? Four sovereigns he gave me this very morn. What else can judge do but turn 'em free? Tell me that, now!"

"Well," said the apprentice, with a certain superiority in his air, "I dare wait no longer. My master said the gentleman was to have the clothes this very afternoon. So if to prison he be gone, to prison must I go, too. Upon which he set off doggedly, and so returned one of the main causes for the assemblage at the curb."

The apprentice was hungry and weary enough before he reached the number portals, yet his insistence won him gate-keeper and turnkey, one after another, till at length he reached the jailer who adjured himself fit to take upon the stolid demand that the prisoner be admitted with the parcel for John Law, Esquire, late of Broadwell street, marked urgent, and collected fifty sovereigns. The humor of all this appeared to the jailer mightily.

"Send him along," he said. And the boy came in, much dismayed but still faithful to his trust.

"Come, clothes," said the apprentice. "Some very fine clothes. They are of our best."

"Ha! ha!" roared the jailer. "Here indeed be a pretty jest. Much need he'll have of fine clothes here. He'll want take his clothes off the rack like the rest, and happen it fits him well, very well. Take back your box, boy—er stay, let's have a look int."

The jailer was a man not devoid of wisdom. Fine clothes sometimes went with a long purse, and a long purse might do wonders to help the comfort of any prisoner in London, as well as the comfort of his keeper. Truly his eyes opened wide as he saw the contents of the box. He felt the lapel of the coat, passing it approvingly between his thumb and finger. "Well, can ye set ye down the box, lad," said he, "and wait till I see where Mr. Law has gone. Hum, hum! What saith the record? Charged that said prisoner did sit—hum, hum! Taken of said John Law six sovereigns, three shillings and sixpence. Item, one snuff-box, gilt. How of admission, five o'clock of the afternoon. We shall see, we shall see."

"Sir," said the jailer, approaching the prisoner and his brother, who both remained in the detention room. "A lad hath arrived bearing a parcel for John Law, Esquire. 'Tis not within possibility that you have these goods, but we would know what disposition we shall make of them."

"By my faith!" cried Law, "I had entirely forgot my haberdasher."

The jailer stood on one foot and gave a cough, unnecessarily loud but sufficiently significant. It was enough for the quick wit of Law.

"There was 50 sovereigns on the charge list," said the jailer.

"Sixty sovereigns, I heard you say distinctly," replied Law. "Will, give me thy purse, man!"

Will Law obeyed automatically.

"There," said John Law to the jailer. "I am sure the garments will be very proper. Is it not all very proper?"

The turnkey looked calmly into the face of his prisoner and as calmly replied: "It is, sir, as you say, very proper."

"Will," said Law to his brother, who had scarce moved during all this, "come, cheer up! One would think 'twas thyself was to be inmate here, and not another."

Will Law burst into tears.

"God knows, 'twere better myself, and not thee, Jack," he said.

"Fish! boy, no more of that! 'Twas as chance would have it. I'm never meant for staying here. Come, take this letter, as I said, and make haste to carry it. 'Twill serve nothing to have you moping here. Fare you well, and see that you sleep sound."

Will Law turned, obedient as ever to the commands of the superior mind.

He passed out through the heavily-guarded door as the turnkey swung it for him; passed out, turned and looked back. He saw his brother standing there, easy, calm, indifferent, a splendid figure of a man.

CHAPTER XII.
THE MESSAGE.

To Will Law, as he turned away from the prison gate upon the errand assigned to him, the vast and shapeless shadows of the night-covered city took the form of appalling monsters, relentless, remorseless, savage of purpose.

He passed, as one in some hideous dream, along streets that wound and wound until his brain lost distance and direction. It might have been an hour.

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Will Law burst into tears.

"God knows, 'twere better myself, and not thee, Jack," he said.

"From my brother, John Law. He is in trouble. I make no doubt the message will set all plain."

"In that case," said Mary Conynge, her voice cool, though her soul was hot with impatience, "it might perhaps be well if I took the liberty of reading the message in Lady Catharine's absence. You say your brother is in trouble?"

The girl tore open the enclosure. She saw but three words, written boldly, firmly, addressed to no one, and signed by no one.

"Come to me!" Thus spoke the message. This was the summons that had crossed black London town that night.

Mary Conynge rose quickly to her feet, forgetting for the time the man who stood before her. The instant demanded all the resources of her soul. She fought to remain mistress of herself. A moment, and she passed Will Law with swift foot, and gained again the stairway in the hall, the letter still fast within her hand. Will Law had not time to ask its contents.

"There is need of haste," said she. "James, have up the calash at once. Mr. Law, I crave your excuse for a time. In a moment I shall be ready to go with you."

In two minutes she was sobbing alone, her face down upon the bed. In five she was at the door, dressed, cloaked, smiling sweetly and ready for the journey. And thus it was that, of two women who loved John Law, that one fared on to see him for whom he had not sent.

CHAPTER XIII.
PRISONERS.

They passed through the heavy gates, down a narrow and heavy-aired passage, and finally into a naked room. It was here, in such somber surroundings, that Mary Conynge saw again the man whose image had been graven on her heart ever since that morn at Sadler's Wells. How her heart coveted him, how her blood leaped for him—these things the Mary Conynge of the world can tell, they who own the primal heart of womanhood.

When John Law himself at length entered the room, he stepped forward at first confidently, eagerly, though with surprise upon his face. Then, with a sudden hesitation, he looked sharply at the figure which he saw awaiting him in the dim room. His breath came sharp, and ended in a sigh. For a half moment his face flushed, his brow showed question and amazement. Yet rapidly, after his fashion, he mastered himself.

"Will," said he, calmly, to his brother, "kindly ask the coachman to wait for this lady."

He stood for a moment gazing after the form of his brother as it disappeared in the outer shadows.

"Madam," said John Law, in deep and vibrant tone, "you will pardon me if I say that it gives me surprise to see you here."

"Yes, I have come," said the girl, not logically.

"You bring, perhaps, some message?"

"I—I brought a message."

"It is from the Lady Catharine?"

"I came from the Lady Catharine," said Mary Conynge, slowly, "but I bring no message from her of the sort which perhaps you wished." It was a desperate, reckless lie, a lie almost certain of detection; yet it was the only resource of the moment, and a moment later it was too late to recall. One he must now follow another, and all must make a deadly coil.

"Madam, I am sorry," said John Law, quietly, yet his face twitched sharply at the impact of these cutting words. "Did you know of my letter to her?"

"Am I not here?" said Mary Conynge.

"True, and I thank you deeply. But how, why—pray you, understand that I would be set right. I would not undergo more than is necessary. Will you not explain?"

"There is but little to explain—little, though it may mean much. It must be private. Your brother—he must never know. Promise me not to speak to him of this."

"This means much to me, I doubt not, my dear lady," said John Law. "I trust I may keep my counsel in a matter which comes so close to me."

"Yes, truly," replied Mary Conynge, "if you had set your heart upon a kindly answer."

"What! You mean, then, that she—"

"Do you promise?"

"I promise," he cried. "And now, tell me what answer had the Lady Catharine Knollys."

"She declined to answer," said Mary Conynge, slowly and evenly. "Declined to come. She said that she was ill enough pleased to hear of your bawling. Said that she doubted not the law would punish you, nor doubted that the law was just."

John Law half whirled upon his heel, smote his hands together and laughed loud and bitterly.

"Madam," said he, "I had never thought to say it to a woman, but in very justice I must tell you that I see quite through this shallow falsehood."

"Sir," said Mary Conynge, her hands clutching at the arm of her chair, "this is unusual speech to a lady!"

"But your story, madam, is most unusual."

"Tell me, then, why should I be here?" burst out the girl. "What is it to me? Why should I care what the Lady Catharine says or does? Why should I risk my own name to come of this errand in the night? Now let me pass, for I shall leave you."

The swift jealous rage of Mary Conynge was unpremeditated, yet nothing had better served her real purpose. The stubborn nature of Law was ever ready for a challenge. He caught her arm, and placed her not unkindly upon the chair.

"By heaven, I half believe what you say is true!" said he, as though to himself.

"Yet you just said 'twas false," said the girl, her eyes flashing.

"I meant that what you add is true and hence the first also must be believed. Then you saw my message?"

"I did, since it so fell out."

"But you did not read the real message. I asked no aid of any one for my escape. I but asked her to come in sheer truth, I wished but to see her."

"And by what right could you expect that?"

"I asked her as my affianced wife," replied John Law.

Mary Conynge stood an inch taller as she sprang to her feet in sudden scorn and bitterness.

"Your affianced wife!" cried she. "What! So soon! Oh, race indeed must be my opinion of this Lady Catharine!"

"It was never my way to waste time on a journey," said John Law, coolly. "Your wife, your affianced wife?"

"As I said."

"Yes," cried Mary Conynge, bitterly, and again, unconsciously and in sheer anger, falling upon that couch, which best served her purpose. "And what manner of affianced wife is it would forsake her lover at the first breath of trouble? My God! 'tis then it seems to me, a woman would most swiftly fly to the man she loved."

John Law turned slowly toward her, his eyes scanning her closely from top to toe, noting the heaving of her bosom, the sparkling of her gold-colored eye, now darkened and half ready to dissolve in tears. He stood as though he were a judge, weighing the evidence before him, calmly, dispassionately.

"Would you do so much as that, Mary Conynge?" asked John Law.

"I, sir?" she replied. "Then why am I here to-night myself? But, God pity me, what have I said? There is nothing but misfortune in all my life!"

It was one rebellious, unsubdued nature spurring to another, and of the two each was now having its own sharp suffering. The instant of doubt in the time of danger. Then comes reaction, bitterness, despair, folly. John Law took a step nearer.

"By God, madam," cried he, "would I might believe you. I would I might believe that you, that an woman, would come to me at such a time! But tell me—and I beseech me my message was not addressed, was even unsigned—whom then say I trust? If this woman seems to call at such a time, tell me, whom shall I hold faithful? Who would come to me at any time, in any case, in my trouble? Suppose my message were to you?"

Mary Conynge stirred softly under her deep cloak. Her head was lifted slightly, the curve of cheek and chin showing in the light that fell from the little lamp. The masses of her dark hair lay piled about her face, tumbled by the sweeping of her hood. Her eyes showed tremulously soft and deep now as he looked into them. Her little hands half twitched a trifle from her lap and reached forward and upward. Primitive she might have been, yet she was woman. It was with the voice of tears that she spoke, if on might claim vocalization for her speech.

"Have I not come?" whispered she. "By God! Mary Conynge, yes, you have come!" cried Law. And though there was heartbreak in his voice, it sounded sweet to the ear of her who heard it, and who now reached up her arms about his neck.

"Ah, John Law," said Mary Conynge, "when a woman loves—when a woman loves, she stops at nothing!"

[To Be Continued]

SHEEP OR SWINE!

The Parson Was Ready to Perform His Duty Regardless of Charges' Character.

An example of the humor of the Puritan settlers in New England comes from old Newbury, a town which was incorporated so long ago as 1635. At least it was a staid community rather than a frivolous one, there was for many years, relates Youth's Companion, an established town jest which was repeated in town meeting, with unimpaired relish, as often as its lawmakers were to be elected.

The lowest office in the gift of the people being that of town hog-reeve—the person whose duty it is to herd and impound stray hogs—they had made it the custom to elect to that unenviable position the latest married resident of the place. It or unfit, willing or unwilling.

Once—there must have been an especial spirit of audacity rife at town meeting on that occasion—they ever went so far as to elect Rev. Dr. Leon and Withington, then newly settled over the parish; and a committee, acting in a spirit of mirth, yet perhaps with a dash of inward trepidation, was sent to notify him of the honor, which of course it was expected he would not accept.

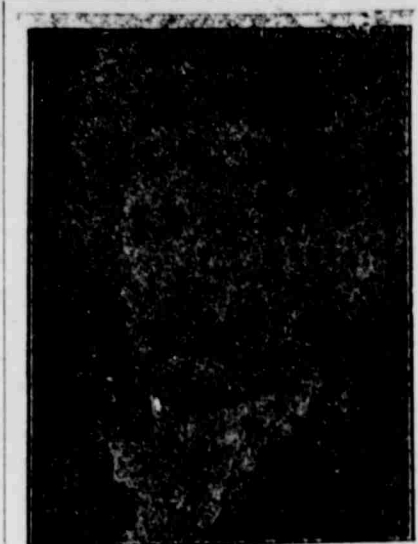
"Hog-reeve," he repeated, thoughtfully. "It is true I came to this place expecting to act as shepherd of a flock; but if my sheep have changed their character, I see in that no reason to decline the task."

The reverend shepherd led, drove and exhorted his flock in the way they should go for the rest of his lifetime, with notable success.

Natural Enough.

"I don't understand your method at all," said Miss Obesity, somewhat frately to the professor of physical culture. "I have just been talking to Miss Skinny Bones, and she says that your advice to her is exercise and diet. Now you have told me that diet and exercise is what I need. How can you possibly hope to accomplish such different ends with the same means?"

"Simplest thing in the world, madam," answered the professor. "Your cases are exactly reversed. A mere reversion of the medicines is all that is necessary."—Detroit Free Press.



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Dentist
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Richmond, Ky.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two year old child of Mr. P. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for the parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these Tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by S. E. Welch, Jr.



More Riots.

Disturbance of strikes are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension will be followed by utter collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There is nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the Liver or Kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful tonic, and effective nerve and the greatest all around medicine for run down systems. It dispels Nervousness, Rheumatism and Neuralgia and expels Malaria germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by the East End Drug Co., Druggists.

A Good Investment

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It saved his leg.
P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by East End Drug Co.

REPAIR THAT LOOM.

Berea College has secured a market for homespun and home-woven goods such as bed coverlets, linen, dress linsey, jeans, blankets, etc., at following prices:—

Coverlets, \$4 to \$6; Linen, 40 to 50 cents a yard; Dress Linsey, 50 cents a yard; Jeans, 60 cents a yard; Blankets, natural brown wool or bark dyes, \$3 a pair.

White linsey and white blankets are not in demand only on orders. Coverlets must be 2 yards (72 inches) wide, and 2½ yards (90 inches) long. All dyes used must be old fashioned home-made dyes.

Any woman who wants to sell coverlets or homespun to Berea College should find out what the College wants before beginning to weave or spin. For information apply in person or by letter to

Mrs. Hettie W. Graham,
Berea, Ky.

Mr. J. M. Allen,
109 E. Jacob Street, Louisville, Ky., says: "My wife has for some time been troubled with rough hands and tetter. After using about one-half bottle of Paracamp the trouble has disappeared, much to her satisfaction. I used it also on my sore foot, tender from much walking, and it gave me great relief." Paracamp makes the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

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Spring plowing will soon be here. Get ready for it beforehand by putting your harness in good shape from our splendid line of

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Back Bands, Bridles,
Hame Chains, Breeching,
Trace Chains, Hames, etc.

If you need a New Set of Harness we have the best. Our prices are extremely low when you consider the quality.

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If you want to increase your strength you must add to and not take from the physical. In other words, the food that you eat must be digested, assimilated and appropriated by the nerves, blood and tissues before being expelled from the intestines. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure adds to the physical. It gives strength to and builds up strength in the human system. It is pleasant to the taste and palatable, and the only combination of digestants that will digest the food and enable the system to appropriate all of its health and strength giving qualities. Sold by the East End Drug Co.

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Corner of Main and Collins Streets.

Mothers, Listen!!

Protect your babies from that dreaded disease Croup, by applying Paracamp freely and giving ten to fifteen drops internally. Paracamp is safe and sure. It does not contain any Cocaine, Opium, or Chloroform. It is mother's remedy and should be in every home every day in the year. Ask S. E. Welch, Jr., Druggist.

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